



HOLLYWOOD'S SENSATIONAL COWBOY STAR!



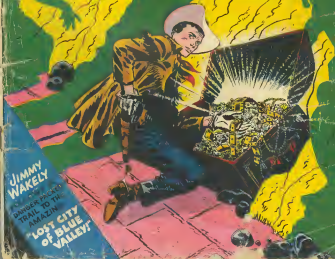
JIMMY
WAKELY

MOB
NOV., DEC.

52 BIG
PAGES!

10c

Jimmy Wakely



JIMMY
WAKELY

DANGER PACKED
TRAIL TO THE
AMAZING
LOST CITY
of BLUE
VALLEY!

ACTION! THRILLS! EXCITEMENT!

STORIES THAT TEEM WITH MOVEMENT,
MENACE AND MYSTERY!

-AND, IN THE LEADING
ROLE IN EVERY STORY
IN THIS TOP-NOTCH
MAGAZINE IS THE
SCREEN'S REAL,
TWO-FISTED
HE-MAN

ALAN LADD!

-BATTLING HIS WAY
THROUGH PERILOUS
PATHS ON THE
HIGHWAY
TO ADVENTURE!

**DON'T
MISS IT!**

ANOTHER SMASH
MAGAZINE WITH
THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER!



52 BIG
PAGES

The Adventures of
ALAN LADD
A THRILLING FAST-ACTION COMICS MAGAZINE!



The
World's top
box-office star
in the kind of
he-man roles
you like
him in!

...WHICH IS YOUR
GUARANTEE OF THE
**BEST IN ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE!**

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Jimmy Wakely

THIS WAY TO:

3 BIG SMASH WESTERN
ADVENTURES

starring JIMMY WAKELY

"LOST CITY OF BLUE VALLEY"

"BIG TOWN ROUNDUP"

"THE TOWN THAT CRIED WOLF"

*Plus these action-packed
thrillers*

"THE RIVAL SHERIFF
OF MOON BOW"

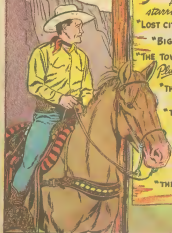
"THE FORTUNE THAT
NOBODY WANTED"

"DUSTY TRAIL"

"TINKER TOM"

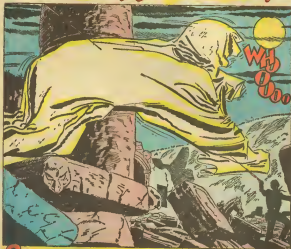
"LI'L WAH-HANPIN"

"THE VANISHING
WOODEN INDIAN"



JIMMY WAKELY

Jimmy Wakely



ONE THING ABOUT JIMMY WAKELY--WHEN HE GETS INTO TROUBLE, IT'S USUALLY NOTHING TRIVIAL! BUT THE DAY HE CAME TO MYSTERIOUS BLUE VALLEY WAS THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING SPECIAL--EVEN AMONG THE MOST THRILLING ADVENTURES OF HOLLYWOOD'S COWBOY CHARIOT. JIMMY HAD MATCHED COLD COURAGE AND HOT LEAD WITH MANY OPPONENTS, BUT THEY WEREN'T ENOUGH WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST UNSEEN FORCES... THE GUARDIANS OF ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF --

THE LOST CITY OF BLUE VALLEY!



JIMMY WAKELY



IN HOLLYWOOD, WHERE JIMMY WAKELY, WESTERN STAR, RECEIVES A TELEGRAM...



AFTER WIRING AHEAD, TWO DAYS LATER JIMMY MEETS BOB WELLS IN THE SUN-DRENCHED LOG-PATOS' COUNTRY...



LEAVING
TOWN,
THE TWO
BOERS
CROSS THE
CHALLENGING
PLAIN
TOWARD
BOB'S
HEAD-
QUARTERS...

JIMMY, OUR INDIAN DIGGING GANGS
HAVE GUT... BUT MAYBE IT'D BETTER
LET YOU SEE BLUE VALLEY FOR
YOURSELF BEFORE I TELL YOU THE
CRAZY REASON FOR OUR TROUBLES!



BY NOON, THEY HAVE REACHED THE HIGH
HOODED HILLS THAT GUARD THE SOURCE OF
REMOTE BLUE VALLEY...

JIMMY, WE'VE
BEEN DIGGING IN THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT
TEMPLE BELIEVED TO BE PART OF A MIS-
TERIOUS LOST CITY. IT'S HIDDEN NOW... BUT
DO YOU SEE ANYTHING FRIGHTENING OR
SUPERNATURAL ABOUT
THIS PLACE?



BUT THE NEXT INSTANT--INEXPLICABLY--BOTH
HORSES REAR AND WHINNY WITH SUDDEN TERROR.

BARRY THERE, BERNY! BOB,
DON'T FIGHT HIM! GIVE HIM
HIS HEAD AND LET HIM
RUN! I'LL FOLLOW!

THANKS TRY...
JIMMY!



THEN--AS BOB'S MOUNT BOLTS FOR THE PLAIN--
A SWIFT, SILENT FIGURE GLIDES OUT OF THE
DEEP SHADOWS AND--

NO--LET FRIEND GO!
YOU MUST RIDE OTHER
WAY! FAST!

OKAY, PAL--
BUT HANDLE
THAT PIS-
STICKER
CAREFUL--LIEK!





WITH GOLD STEEL AT HIS BACK, READY TO EXACT THE PENALTY FOR A WRONG MOVE, JIMMY REMAINS HEREBLY CALM!

FASTER!
IF YOU WANT TO LIVE TO SEE TOMORROW'S SUN!
LOOKS LIKE BOB'S GOT CONTROL OF HIS HORSE-- SO I'LL GIVE SOMEBODY ABOUT FIFTY YARDS MORE OF THIS FAST GALLOP BEFORE I SIGNAL HIM!

FIFTY YARDS LATER...FLASHING HOOF'S COME TO A SUDDEN WRENCING STOP AS THE WONDER HORSE RESPONDS TO JIMMY'S FOOT SIGNAL!...

NICE WORK, SONNY! OVER HE GOES--WITH ME AFTER HIM!

AS JIMMY CHARGES FORWARD, AN INCREDIBLE PLEA ESCAPES THE LIPS OF HIS ASSAILANT!...

THEN, AS BOB COMES GALLOPING UP...

WAIT! DO NOT HARM ME! YOU AND FRIEND ARE LIVES TO MY QUICK ACTION! TEMPLE SPIRITS WERE NEAR!
HIM! SPIRITS?! WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU SAY HOW YOUR HORSES LEAPED IN FEAR? THEY SENSED NEARNESS OF SPIRITS WHO GUARD SACRED TEMPLE! YOU MADE EASY TARGET FOR THEIR VENGEANCE! HERE COMES FRIEND! ASK HIM!

BUT TO JIMMY'S COMPLETE SURPRISE...AND CONFUSION...

HE'S ONLY SAYING WHAT ALL THE INDIANS AROUND HERE SAY!-- YOUNG AND CEREMONIES--AND THE RESULT IS, THE WHOLE EXPEDITION ON THE WRECK OF...
HOLD ON, BOB! I CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, EITHER! NOW CALM DOWN AND START YOUR STORY AT THE BEGINNING!

I GUARD THIS ALL STARTED THE DAY BOB CALLED ME INTO HIS OFFICE AT THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE...

BOB, MR. GLATER HAS BROUGHT US NEWS OF AN AMAZING FIND--A BURIED TEMPLE, FROM A STRANGE SOUTHWESTERN CULTURE--PARTLY UNEARTHED BY A RECENT LANDSLIDE!
I'M A PROMOTER AND PRO-POSTER I WAS OUT SCOUTING PLUTONIUM, WHEN SOME MINERS TOLD ME ABOUT THE TEMPLE IN BLUE VALLEY!

"AS PROOF, MR. SLATER HAD BROUGHT PHOTO-GRAPHS—AND SEVERAL GOLD AND JEWELLED OBJECTS OF RARE VALUE HE'D ALREADY FOUND."

BLUE VALLEY LIES IN FEDERAL LANDS USED BY NAVAJOS. NATURALLY, NO PRIVATE UNDERTAKINGS WOULD BE PERMITTED THERE, BUT WASHINGTON HAS GIVEN THE INSTITUTE OFFICIAL CLEARANCE.

WHAT I GET OUT OF IT IS THE RIGHT TO EXPLOIT THE DISCOVERIES IN NEWS PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.



"EAGER AS I WAS, I NEVER EXPECTED DAD'S NEXT WORDS! ..."

IT'S ALL ARRANGED...MR. SLATER WILL LEAD OUR EXPEDITION TO BLUE VALLEY—WHERE, IN ACCORDANCE WITH A DECISION BY OUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS—MOM WILL TAKE CHARGE OF OPERATIONS! GOOD LUCK, SON!

DAD, THIS IS WONDERFUL! I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD OF THE JOB I DO!



SUDDENLY BOBBY'S STORY IS INTERRUPTED BY A NEW ARRIVAL ON THE SCENE...

MR. SLATER, MEET JIMMY WAKELY!

HOWDY! WE HAD A LITTLE FUSS WITH OUR INDIAN FRIEND HERE!

YES, I CAN TALK THROUGH MY FIELD GLASSES. I CAN GUESS WHAT IT'S ABOUT—THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME YESTER-DAY!



THE INDIAN HONESTLY MEANT WELL—HIS WHOLE TRIBE BELIEVES OUR DRIBBING HAS DISTURBED THE PEACE OF A STRANGE RACE, AND THEY'RE ALL TERRIFIED!

BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY OUR HORSES ACTED UP!

LET'S RIDE DOWN AND SHOW JIMMY THE RUMS!



AGAINST THE DARK SIDE OF A CLIFF, LOST IN SHADOWS AND STILLNESS, LIE THE ANCIENT STONES OF A TEMPLE AND ITS CATACOMBS OF TOMBES...

GOLLY—THIS IS SOMETHING ALL RIGHT! BUT IT'S REAL QUIET! I GUESS THE SPIRITS TAKE IT EASY DURING THE DAY, HUH?

I MYSELF HAVE HEARD STRANGE SOUNDS HERE BY DAY, BUT DRIBBALLY OUR DRIVING GANGS WORKED NIGHTS—TO ESCAPE THE HEAT—AND THAT'S WHEN THE INDIANS SAID THEY SAW GHOSTS...NOW THEY WON'T WORK HERE NIGHT OR DAY.





NOT LONG AFTERWARD, THE THREE HORSEMEN RIDE ON TO THE ALL BUT DESERTED SPANISH HEAD-QUARTERS, A HALF MILE AWAY...

I KNOW THOSE LOS PINOTOS NAB-JOS PRETTY WELL, BOB. MAYBE I CAN GET THEM BACK TO WORK. I'LL RIDE OVER THERE NOW!

I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!

BUT WHEN JIMMY AND BOB VISIT THE COW-BOY STAR'S INDIAN FRIENDS... YOU ARE AS OUR BROTHER, JIMMY WAKELY, SHAKE OUR POOD-- BUT LET THERE BE NO TALK OF TEMPLE SPIRITS UNTIL YOU HAVE BEEN THERE, PERHAPS THEN YOU WILL SEE WHAT MY PEOPLE HAVE SEEN...

FAIR ENOUGH, CHIEF! I'LL BE AT THAT TEMPLE TONIGHT!

RETURNING TO CAMP BY TWILIGHT, JIMMY AND BOB PICK UP SLATER AND PROCEED TO BLUE VALLEY.

I DON'T SEE THE POINT OF THIS--EVEN IF YOU DID PROMISE THE CHIEF YOU'D GO! OBVIOUSLY, SINCE THERE AREN'T ANY GHOSTS, WE'RE CERTAINLY NOT GOING TO FIND ANY!

I AGREE-- BUT THE CHIEF WON'T HEAR ME OUT UNLESS I TRY!

THEN--AS THE RIDERS DISMOUNT... LISTEN! THAT SOUND COMING FROM THE RUINS. I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE!

COME ON! LET'S TRACK IT DOWN!

Whoooooo

SCATTERING, TO SPEED THEIR SEARCH, JIMMY AND THE OTHERS RACE THROUGH THE GLOOM-SHROUDED GALLERIES...

THE SOUND KEEPS BOUNCING OFF THESE WALLS-- BUT ITS HERE SOMEWHERE AND IT CAN BE FOUND!

Whoooooo

THE NEXT MOMENT, SUDDEN SILENCE--FOLLOWED BY A HOARSE SHOUT, AS--

THE GHOSTS! I SAW THEM!

EASY, BOB! DON'T LET THIS PLACE GET YOU!

BUT IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING JIMMY DOES, YOUNG BOB'S INSTANT FEAR REMAINS UNSHAKEN...

WE'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH THE PLACE--AND FOUND NOTHING!

I CAN THEM, I TELL YOU! AND WAIT ABOUT THAT SOUND!

LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP, BOB! WE'LL TALK IT OVER IN THE MORNING!

LATER, IN CAMP, BOB FALLS INTO A DEEP RESTON—

POOR FELLOW...
THE RESPONSIBILITY WAS TOO
MUCH FOR HIM!
I HOPE HE
DOESN'T BREAK
DOWN...

HE'LL BE ALL
RIGHT. YOU'D
BETTER TURN
IN TOO. I'LL
COME BACK
AND SET DOWN
ON THE GUT AS
SOON AS I SEE
TO MY HORSE

BUT IN THE PLACESHIFT BARN-- AS JAMES
UNRAVELS SOMETHING... REVEALING P

WHAT'S THIS? --LEAD PELLETS--
BURIED IN THE SADDLE! THAT'S
WHAT MADE THE HORSES GO
WILD THIS AFTERNOON--SOME-
ONE SHOT AT THEM WITH AN AR-
RIFLE, AND WE NEVER HEARD
IT! BUT WHO?... AND WHY?

DAWNBREAK... WITH THE OTHERS STILL ASLEEP -
FINDS FILMBOOM'S FAMOUS STAR RETURNING
TO BLUE VALLEY...

THINGS EVEN IF SLATER AND I DIDN'T—BECAUSE
MAYBE ONLY BOB WAS ABLE TO SEE IT!—
BY THE SAME SOMEONE WHO MADE OUR HORSES
BOLT YESTERDAY... AND WHO WANTS US TO
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS

CLIMBING AND SCRAMBLING OVER RAILS,
AFTER LONG AND CAREFUL SCRUTINY OF THE
AFRIAP HINDING PASSAGES--JUNNY SUPPERLY
DROPS TO HER KNEES. AS--

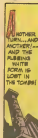
A HIDDEN GENERATOR--WITH A
POW WORTH ATTACHED--ADJUSTED
TO GO OFF AT REGULAR INTER-
VALS! THAT'S THE HOARING
SOUND WE HEARD!

THE NEXT MOVEMENT...

TECHNIQUES
STUDIED WITH
SPECIAL

REBOUNDING TO THE ATTACK, THE CONVOY ACE
TAKES OFF IN HOT PURSUIT OF HIS FLEET,
SAFELY-CLIMBED ADVERTISER!

THEY SAY SHOWTS ARE SUPPOSED TO WEAR WHITE, AND THIS ONE'S DRESSED ACCORDING TO REGULATIONS--BUT I'M BETTING A BULLET HOLE WILL SPOIL THE EFFECT.



ANOTHER TURN...AND ANOTHER!...AND THE RUBBING WHITE FORM IS LOST IN THE TOMBS!



GONE! FOR A SPIRIT, HE SURE IS GUN-SHY AND THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW!...NOW TO RETRIEVE THOSE TORAHARKS AND GET BACK TO CAMP...



AFTER JIMMY WAKES BOB AND SLATER, HIS STORY--AS WELL AS HIS PLAN--BRINGS NEW HOPE TO BOTH!...

THESE ARE GENUINE CEREMONIAL TORAHARKS, JIMMY! IF THEY'D HAD HIT YOU, IT WOULD'VE BEEN TAKEN AS MORE PROOF OF CHOONS--BUT NOW YOU KNOW I DID SEE SOMETHING LAST NIGHT!

YES, AND I'M GOING BACK TO THE CHIEF AND TELL HIM I CAN STOP THIS HAUNTING BUSINESS!



THE NAVAJO CHIEF LISTENS GRAVELY TO JIMMY'S STORY. THEN...

IF YOU SPEAK TRUTH, AND CAN PROVE OUR FEARS A BOCKERY, WE WILL HELP YOU--THREE OF OUR BEST WARRIORS ARE AT YOUR COMMAND!

GOOD! WE'LL START FOR BLUE VALLEY AT ONCE, TO SHAKE OUT THOSE FANE SPIRITS!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, SOME HOURS AFTER JIMMY'S PARTY HAD BEEN PATROLLING THE RUNS...

END OF QUIET, BUT WITH THE SUN GOING DOWN, IT RIGHT CHANGES! NERVOUS, EITHER OF YOU?

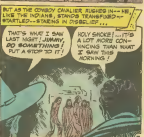
I AM! I WISH WE'D STAY TOGETHER INSTEAD OF PATROLLING DIFFERENT PARTS AND MEETING FOR A MINUTE LIKE THIS!



TIME SLIPS BY...DARKNESS ENVELOPS THE RUNS OF BLUE VALLEY...AND SUDDENLY!...

A SPIRIT IS AMONG US!

I SEE IT! THIS MAY BE--BEFORE IT DISAPPEARS!



BUT AS THE CONVOY CHALIER RUSHED IN--HE, LIKE THE INDIANS, STANDS TRANSFORMED--BARTLED--STAKING IN DISBELIEF...

THAT'S WHAT I SAW LAST NIGHT! JIMMY, DO SOMETHING! PUT A STOP TO IT!

HOLY SHOCK!...IT'S A LOT MORE CONVINCING THAN WHAT I SAW THIS MORNING!



THEN, ALL AT ONCE -- THE ENTIRE CHAMBER FLOODS WITH GHOSTLY RADIANCE AS THE SPURDOK OF AN ANCIENT CEREMONY UNFOLDS...



IT'S NO USE! BULLETS CAN'T STOP WHAT YOU'RE SEEING!

BANG! BANG!



BANG! BANG! BANG!

THE BULLETS WENT RIGHT THROUGH THEM!

I'M GOING IN THERE!



BUT EVEN AS JIMMY LEAVES HIS FEET IN A DESPERATE HEADLONG DIVE -- THE GALLERY REVERTS TO DARKNESS!...

TOO LATE!



AS LANTERNS FLARE UP IN THE FLAME, JIMMY SLOWLY RISES...

ANCIENT SHROUD! A BURIAL CLOTH! THAT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THEM!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THERE'S A LOGICAL EXPLANATION SOMEWHERE -- BUT HOW CAN WE EXPLAIN IT TO THESE NAAJIDS ON ANY BASIS?



A MOMENT LATER, THE INDIANS UNDERLINE SLATER'S WORDS AS THEY RAISE THEIR ARMS IN PENANCE ...

JIMMY, YOU'RE JUST STANDING THERE... WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?

THERE'S NOTHING TO SAY, BOB. THEY'RE ASKING FORGIVENESS FOR COMING HERE... JUST AS I SHOULD ASK TO BE FORGIVEN FOR BRINGING THEM HERE BEFORE I REALLY KNEW THE ANSWER...



JIMMY WAKELY



SOON AFTER-
WARD,
SOUNDING
HOOPS
ON THE
PLAIN
MARK
THE
INDIANS'
DEPART-
URE.

IT'LL BE BETTER
IF YOU TWO GO ON
WITHOUT ME... I
WANT TO THINK
THINGS OVER...
ALONE...



WAKELY, I'M NOT
BLAMING YOU...
BUT THE RESULT
OF YOUR HELP IS
THAT WE'RE A
LOT WORSE OFF
NOW THAN BE-
FORE!

BUT NO SOONER IS JIMMY ALONE, THAN HE
RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS HUMILIATION
AND GETS BUSY--WITH A STRANGELY
CHEERFUL ATTITUDE!--



NOW LET'S SEE--HERE'S
WHERE THE SADDLE HUNG IN
MID-AIR... AND BOB SAW SHOTS
NEAR THAT DOORWAY... WHICH
LEADS ME TO THE ASSUMED
WALL--OR RATHER, THE OTHER
SIDE OF IT... IF I'M RIGHT...

AFTER HALF AN HOUR'S INDUSTRIOUS WORK,
THE WESTERN ACE FLASHES WITH TRIUMPH--
HIS EXPECTATIONS MORE THAN CONFIRMED!--



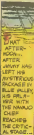
YEEHAWW! THE JACKPOT!
THIS SLIDING STONE OPENS
EASY ONCE YOU KNOW
HOW--AND THIS CONCEALED
TOMB'S BIG ENOUGH TO
HIDE A HORSE, LET ALONE
WHAT'S IN IT!-- NOW TO
REPLACE EVERYTHING
AND GET TO A PHONE
IN LOS PINOS!

BY TEN O'CLOCK THE NEXT MORNING, A FEW
MILES BEYOND LOS PINOS, JIMMY IS ON HAND
TO MEET AN EXPECTED MESSENGER...



HI, JIMMY! I HAD TO WAIT TILL THE STUDIO
OPENED, BUT HERE IT IS--ALL OF IT! WHAT'S
IT FOR?

THANKS, PETE-- BUT
RIGHT NOW I'M OFF
TO PLANT THE STUFF
IN SOME RUINS IN BLUE
VALLEY-- THEN I'VE
GOT SOME INDIANS
TO VISIT!

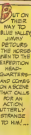


WHAT
AFTER-
NOON...
AFTER
JIMMY HAD
LEFT HIS
MYSTERIOUS
PACKAGE IN
BLUE VALLEY,
HE DELA-
INED WITH
THE NARROW
CHIEF
REACHES
THE CRIT-
ICAL STAGE...

CHIEF, I WAS
WRONG BEFORE--
TERRIBLY WRONG--
BUT YOU HAVE MY
WORD I'M RIGHT
THIS TIME!



JIMMY WAKELY
I KNOW THAT
HONOR IS THE
FOUNDATION OF
YOUR PROMISES!
HE WILL GO
WITH YOU!



BUT ON
THEIR
WAY TO
BLUE VALLEY,
JIMMY
RETOURS
THE HORSE-
PENTED TO THE
EXPECTATION
HEAD-
QUARTERS--
AND COMES
ON A SCENE
THAT CALLS
FOR AN
ACTION
UTTERLY
STRANGE
TO HIM...



JIMMY! HE
THOUGHT YOU'D
LEFT FOR GOOD!

GET YOUR
HORSES!
YOU'RE BOTH
COMING ALONG
WITH ME!

YOU'VE
GOT A GUN
TO ENFORCE
THIS OUTRAGE.
WAKELY, BUT
YOU'LL PAY FOR
IT IF YOU EN-
DANGER OUR
LIVES!



SOON AFTERWARD, THE PARTY HAS ENTERED THE SHADY PRESENTS OF THE TEMPLE...

THEY SAY GHOST VISIONS DON'T CHANGE--SO WE'LL TRY TO BRING THEM BACK BY REPEATING OUR REBELLING, JUST AS BEFORE. LET'S GET MOVING!

JIMMY, THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU, BUT I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT...

RIGHT? HE'S CRAZY!



AS JIMMY COMES UP FROM BEHIND...

SLATER!-- HANGOVERING AS THE "GHOST" I CHASED YESTERDAY! THAT GADGET OF HIS IS ONLY PART OF HIS CLEVER TRICK--BUT THIS TIME I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE IT CONTINUES A WHILE LONGER!



BUT CRAZY OR NOT--A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE APPARITIONS MATERIALIZE EXACTLY AS BEFORE...

SPIRITS APPEAR! LET NO ONE MOVE--UNTIL THE MEANING OF WHAT THEY SHOW US IS CLEAR!

GOOD! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO START! NOW TO GET AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT WALL!



SUDDENLY, SLATER WHISLS--WITH DEATH IN HIS HAND!



BEFORE THE GUNFIRE CAN DISRUPT THE STILL CONTINUING SPECTACLE IN THE ADJOINING GALLERY...

JIMMY, I HEARD SHOTS IN THE DARK!

I'M NOT SHOOTING IN THE DARK ANYMORE, BOB! NOBODY MOVE, PLEASE! LET THE SPIRITS CONTINUE THEIR CEREMONY!



BUT AS THE SHORTLY CORONATION REPEATS ITSELF AND REACHES THE POINT AT WHICH IT HAD PREVIOUSLY COME TO AN ABRUPT END...

ALL RIGHT, WAKELY-- YOU'VE GOT THE ANSWER! THAT'S ALL THERE IS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! I WAS IN THAT SECRET WALL TOWN OF YOURS THIS MORNING! NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR SHOTS!





JIMMY WAKELY



7 THEN, AS THE ONLOOKERS GASP IN ASTONISH-
MENT, THE SPIRITS
SCATTER BEFORE
THE SPIRIT OF
JIMMY
WAKELY!



JIMMY WAKELY!
BUT HOW CAN
THIS BE?

THE FILM I HAD IN
MY CONCEALED
PROJECTOR WAS ONLY
A FEW FEET LONG!
HOW DID WAKELY
EVER GET INTO IT?

WHEN YOU BOUGHT THAT SURPLUS
FILM, SLATER--YOU DON'T KNOW IT
WAS CUT FROM ONE OF MY OLD
MOVIES! I SENT FOR THE BEST OF
THAT REEL--TO FINISH THIS GHOST
STORY AND YOU!

AND WHEN JIMMY TEARS AWAY THE SHROUD THAT
SLATER WAS USING AS A SCREEN...

CHIEF, I'LL TRY TO
EXPLAIN. THIS LIGHT
IS A HIDDEN PRO-
JECTOR FOR THE
SCREEN ON THESE
WIRES...

ENOUGH! WE
UNDERSTAND THE
CHILD'S ART OF
SHADOW PICTURES--
OBSERVE...AN EAGLE?



THE NARAJU CHIEF ASSIGNS TWO OF HIS BRAVES
TO GUARD THE TEMPLE TREASURE, AND...

CHIEF, ONE THING MORE--BOB AND I ALMOST
SURPRISED SLATER HERE YESTERDAY--BUT HE'S
GOT A RENEGADE INDIAN FRIEND WHO BOLTED
OUR HORSES AND GAVE HIM TIME TO SNEAK OUT!

HE WILL BE FOUND...AND MADE TO
PAY FOR BETRAYING HIS TRIBE!



FINALLY, THE TEMPLE HALL UNLOCKS SECRETS--
ANCIENT AND MODERN...

TREASURE NORTH
ALLONS! SLATER NEEDED THE EXPEDITION TO
DO HIS DISGINS--UNTIL WE CAME TO RICHES
THAT HE COULD GET AT ALONE...THAT'S WHY
HE WANTED THE EXPEDITION
TO END AND LEAVE...

RIGHT, BOB--
IT'S EASY WHEN
YOU KNOW THE
ANSWERS!



THE NEXT DAY...

JIMMY, AT THIS RATE,
WE'LL BE OPERATING
FULL BLIST IN NO TIME!
HOW CAN I EVER THANK
YOU!

JUST PHONE YOUR
DAD, BOB, AND TELL
HIM EVERYTHING'S
ALL RIGHT! AWOS!



"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS

JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE FARMER'S CROP"



AT A SMALL RURAL AIRPORT, TWO CANNING SCHEMERS WATCH A CROP-DUSTING PLANE TAKE OFF FOR ALBANY JONES' FIELDS...

WE DID IT, BOSS! THAT PILOT DOESN'T KNOW IT - BUT HE'S GOT A SPRAY-TANK FULL OF PLANT-KILLER -- NOT BUG POISON!

WELL, JONES WANTS HIS CROPS SPRAYED -- AND I WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS OUGHT TO PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS OVERTAKE THE SNEAKY PILOT AND--

TELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED BIKE AND CATCH UP WITH THAT PLANE!

HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY THE CROPS -- GOTTA STOP HIM BEFORE HE DOES TOO MUCH DAMAGE!

ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST -- SPEEDS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!

WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN-- S-T-O-P-- GUESS I'D BETTER LAND AND SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

LATER

MR. JONES, I WATE TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE JET SIGNALS!

AND THANKS TO THE SPEED OF THE BOYS HERE, THE MEN BEHIND THIS PLOT ARE NOW BEHIND BARS!

TELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED--SURE FOOTING--AND SPLIT-SECOND CONTROL--YOU CAN'T BEAT U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!

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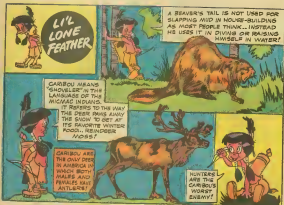
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U.S. ROYAL

BIKE TIRES



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JIMMY WAKELY

JIMMY WAKELY CAME TO CENTRAL CITY TO SING AND ENTERTAIN... BUT ALMOST FROM THE MOMENT THAT SOMEHOWS CONBOY ACC SET FOOT IN THE BUSTLING ADVENTURE WESTERN METROPOLIS, HE WAS FORCED TO EXHIBIT HIS OTHER EXTRAORDINARY TALENTS... FOR STRAIGHT SHOOTING, HARD RIDING, AND SMART DOING! AS FRED GLOAGUE, JIMMY'S YOUNG PRESS AGENT, PUT IT, CENTRAL CITY HAS A "TOUGH TOWN" / OR AT LEAST IT HAD THAT REPUTATION UNTIL JIMMY SINGLEHANDLY STARTED HIS AMAZING...

BIG TOWN Roundup



A
JIMMY
WAKELY
ARRIVES
IN CENTRAL
CITY, MID-
WESTERN
METROPOLIS
FOR AN
IMPORTANT
SINGING
ENGAGE-
MENT...

I SURE HOPE
THEY LIKE ME
HERE, FREP!
I'M NOT TOO
WELL-KNOWN
IN THIS PART
OF THE STATES.

YOU WILL BE
JIMMY, BOY!
JUST LEAVE THAT
ANGLE TO ME!

WITH YOUR SINGING
AND MY PUBLICITY KNOW-
LEDGE--WE'LL TAKE THIS
TOWN BY STORM! I'LL
GET YOU ON THE FRONT
PAGE OF EVERY NEWS-
PAPER--

SOLD EVERYTHING,
FREP... LOOK--!

OHAY, BOYS! WE
GOT THE GATCHIL!

**HELP!
CROOKS!**

PLUS ANYBODY
THAT TRIES TO
STOP US!

WITH THE QUICKNESS OF A GURSED STEED, THE
HOLLYWOOD ACE RINGS HIMSELF TOWARD THE
ARMED GANG...

DROP THOSE HOSTLESS,
YOU HOARRED--AND
START REACHIN' FOR
A STAR! PRONTO!

WHY? A COMBON!
CUT 'EM DOWN,
BOYS...

KNOWING HIS OWN PIEL, JIMMY COOLY WORKS
HIS GUNS...

BOLLY! MY
JAW MUST BE WY OFF!
I'M GOING FOR THEIR GUNS,
BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO BE
ABLE TO SCORE A HIT!

**BANG!
BANG!**

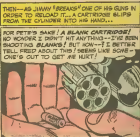
THE NEXT MOMENT--STILL ACOOL SLEEPING-
WOLY--THE CROOK TROD TAKES TO ITS HEELS...

WELL, OF ALL THE CHICKEN-HEARTED WARMINT!
THE FIGHT HARDLY GOT GOING--WHEN THEY
DROPPED THEIR LOOT AND RAN!

YOU SCARED
THEM AWAY,
JIMMY! YOU'RE
TERRIFIC!



OHAY, FRED!
I'LL RELOAD
MY GUNS
MEANWHILE.



FOR PETE'S SAKE! A BLANK CARTRIDGE!
NO WONDER I DIDN'T HIT ANYTHING—I'VE BEEN SHOOTING BLANKS! BUT NOW—I BETTER TELL FRED ABOUT THIS! SEEMS LIKE SOME-ONE'S OUT TO GET ME HURT!

BUT AS THE COWBOY CAVALIER ENTERS THE WAITING ROOM IN SEARCH OF HIS COMPANION, HE SEES THROUGH A WINDOW...



HEH?? THE THREE CROOKS—AND THE MESSENGER! FRED'S PAYING THEM MONEY!

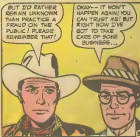


SO IT WAS ALL A PUT-UP JOB—A PUBLICITY STUNT! I BET IT WAS FRED WHO PUT BLANK CARTRIDGES IN MY GUN TO MAKE SURE NO ONE GOT HURT! HE'S GOING PRETTY FAR TO GET MY NAME IN THE PAPERS—TOO FAR!



I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T LET ME PULL THE STUNT, JIMMY! THAT'S WHY I GUZZLED BLANKS INTO YOUR GUNS ON THE TRAIN WITHOUT TELLING YOU! BUT I ONLY DID IT FOR YOUR SAKE—EVERY PAPER IN TOWN WILL CARRY THE STORY THIS EVENING!

I GUESS YOU MEANT WELL...

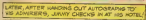


BUT I'D RATHER REMAIN UNKNOWN THAN PRACTICE A FRAUD ON THE PUBLIC! PLEASE REMEMBER THAT!

OHAY—IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN! YOU CAN TRUST ME! BUT RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF SOME BUSINESS...



JIMMY WAKELY





JIMMY WAKELY



ENTERING THE ROOM, THE COWBOY CAVALIER SEES—



WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S NO CARD GAME—THEY'RE DEALING OUT MONEY!

WHO'S THIS? GRAB YOUR GUN, FRANKIE...



PUT AWAY THOSE POPPINS, YOU PLAY ACTORS! I KNOW THIS IS ALL A GAG! AND I'M NOT FALLING FOR IT!

THIS COWBOY HAYSEED THINKS WE'RE PLAYIN' GAMES! PLUS HIM, FINGERS!



HEY! HE MUST BE A MAGICIAN! THOSE GUNS JUMPED INTO HIS HANDS!

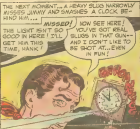
I'VE GOT TO TEACH THESE ACTOR-FRIENDS OF FRED'S TO STOP BOTHERING ME!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



A SNOOPER, EH? WELL, WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE BACK HOME ON THE RANGE!

THIS MUST BE ANOTHER ONE OF FRED'S PUBLICITY STUNTS! NOW I'M REALLY GETTING ANNOYED!



THE NEXT MOMENT... A HEAVY SLUG HARROWLY MISSES JIMMY AND SMASHES A CLOCK BEHIND HIM...

MISSED! NOW SEE HERE! YOU'VE GOT REAL SLUGS IN THAT GUN-- AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE SHOT AT... EH? IN FUN!



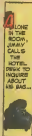
WITH DAZZLING MARKSMANSHIP, THE WESTERN ACE SENDS HIS THREE FOES' BARRIES HOPPING LIKE KANGAROO OUT OF THE ROOM!...



BANG!
BANG!

I NEED SOME REST IF I'M GOING TO BING TO-NIGHT... AND I CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME ON THIS BRAINSTORM OF MY PUBLICITY--HAD PRESS AGENT!

MOVING LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT, THE AGILE COWBOY DRAWS HIS PISTOLS... AND...

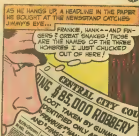


A LONG IN THE ROOM, JIMMY CALLS THE HOTEL DESK TO INQUIRE ABOUT HIS BAG...



THAT'S RIGHT, MR. WAKELY... YOUR ROOM IS NOT BOY! IT'S JOE... AND YOUR BAG IS THERE!

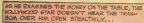
HOLY SMOKE! I HAD THIS DODDAD UP-- SHUT--DOWN! THEN-- THIS MEANS THOSE THREE MEN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR ME!



AS HE HANDS UP, A HEADLINE IN THE PAPER HE BOUGHT AT THE NEWSSTAND CATCHES JIMMY'S EYE...

FENKIE, HANK--AND FINGERS--I GREAT SHAKED! THOSE ARE THE NAMES OF THE THREE HORRORS I JUST CHUCKED OUT OF HERE!

CENTRAL CITY COOL
\$85,000 ROBBERY
LOOT TAKEN BY GUNMEN
IDENTIFIED ONLY AS
"FENKIE", "HANK"
AND "FINGERS"



AS HE EXAMINES THE MONEY ON THE TABLE, THE HOLLYWOOD STAR DOESN'T HEAR THE TRAM-- BOOM, OVER HIM OPEN STEALTHLY...

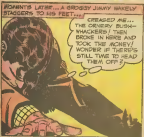


\$85,000! BOOM! I CAN'T GET THINGS STRAIGHT! FIRST I MISTAKE ACTORS FOR HOLDUP MEN... AND THEN I MISTAKE REAL THIEVES FOR ACTORS! I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE PRONTO... AND...



THE NEXT SECOND... A SHOT IS FIRED INTO THE ROOM...

CRASH! GOT HIM THIS TIME, BOYS!
IMAGINE GETTIN' LOCKED OUTTA OUR OWN HOTEL ROOM!
HURTLE, FINGERS! CLIMB IN THERE AN' GRAB THE COUGH!



MOMENTS LATER... A CROSSY JIMMY WAKELY STAGGERS TO HIS FEET...

CREASED HE... THE CENERY BUSH--WHACKERS! THEN BROKE IN HERE AND TOOK THE MONEY! WONDER IF THERE'S STILL TIME TO HEAD THEM OFF?



DASHING TO THE BALCONY OUTSIDE THE HOTEL ROOM, JIMMY SPOTS HIS APPALANTS BELOW...

THESE THEY ARE-- GETTING INTO THAT CAR! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN HOLD UP THESE GETAWAY NOW... AND THAT'S TO DO SOME MIGHTY RANCH PISTOLWORK!



JIMMY WAKELY



AS THE CROOKS' CAR STARTS FROM THE CURB...



DARNHELY, THE COWBOY HERO DROPS FROM BALCONY TO BALCONY, ALONG THE HOTEL FRONT, IN ORDER TO REACH HIS TIES QUICKLY...



DOWN A SIDE STREET COMES A WELCOME SIGHT TO JIMMY--THE ROBO PERFORMERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE ARENA!

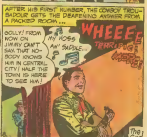
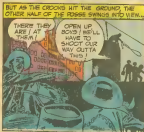
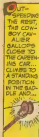


SOON AFTER... A GRAY BAND OF ROBO ROBBER, LED BY JIMMY WAKELY, STARTS OUT AFTER THE SPEEDING TROLLEY CAR...





JIMMY WAKELY





45 OF THE 59 HIGHEST MOUNTAIN PEAKS IN THE U.S. ARE IN COLORADO!



THE OLDEST MINE IN THE UNITED STATES IS THE TURQUOISE MINE JUST SOUTH OF SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, FIRST OPENED BY THE INDIANS, CENTURIES BEFORE THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN!



IN 1856, EIGHTY CAMELS WERE IMPORTED FROM EGYPT AND ASIA MINOR BY THE WAR DEPARTMENT FOR USE IN TEXAS AND THE DESERTS OF THE SOUTHWEST.



THE PRAIRIE DOG IS AN ANIMAL OF THE PRAIRIES, BUT HE IS NOT EVEN REMOTELY CONNECTED WITH THE DOG. HE IS A MEMBER OF THE SQUIREL FAMILY!

devils Tower



DEVILS TOWER MONUMENT, IN THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF WYOMING, WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1906, THE FIRST NATIONAL MONUMENT, COMPRISING AN AREA OF ALMOST TWO SQUARE MILES, ITS CHIEF FEATURE, THE 665-FOOT FLAT-TOPPED ROCK, IS CALLED DEVILS TOWER!

OVERBOARD ABOUT IT!



A squall hits Neddy Nestlé's boat and spills the picnic lunch—



but it's not lost! They're still afloat and Neddy saves the **CRUNCH!**

RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY GOODNESS...





JIMMY WARELY



★ Kit Colby

GIRL SHERIFF



THE FORTY SHERIFF OF MOON BOW WAS FAMOUS FOR PERFORMING HER DUTIES WITH COURAGE AND ABILITY—UNTIL A SUDDEN SERIES OF SHOT-BACKS, THAT EVEN SHE COULDN'T HANDLE, BROUGHT A RIVAL ON THE SCENE! BUT FIGHTING BACK WITH GRIM DETERMINATION, KIT COLBY PROVED HER RIGHT TO HOLD THE SHERIFF'S BADGE—AS SHE MATCHED BRANS AND BULLETS WITH—

★ "THE RIVAL SHERIFF
OF MOON BOW!" ★

A RED-LETTER DAY IN MOON BOW! AS THE TOWN BUSTLES WITH EXCITING NEWS...

ARE YOU SEEN THE NEWS? A BIG SHOT FROM THE EAST NAMED HARVEY HAWKINS HAS BOUGHT THE OLD CIRCLE A-- AN' IS TURNIN' IT INTO A HIGH CLASS DUDE RANCH!

BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO THIS TOWN!



BEFORE LONG, THE NEW CIRCLE A DUDE RANCH BEGINS TO LIVE UP TO MOON BOW'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS...

LOOK AT THEM DUDES ARRIVIN'! THEY'RE LOADED WITH MONEY, AN' SPENDIN' IT!

WITH BUSINESS LIKE THIS, I'LL PUT MOON BOW SQUARE ON THE MAP FOR GOOD!



BUT AS PRETTY KIT COLBY--MOON BOW'S CARBIDE SHERIFF--LOOKS ON WITH DEPUTY JESS SAYERS...

OF COURSE, HERE BOTH GLAD THE TOWN'S DOIN' WELL-- BUT YOU LOOK WORRIED, KIT...

YES...I'M WONDERIN' IF THESE DUDES WON'T ATTRACT THE KULTURES WHO PREY ON THEM-- SYNGLERS AND THIEVES! WE MAY START GETTIN' BUSY SOON...



SUDDENLY...

SHERIFF COME QUICK! SOME BODYS PULLIN' A GUN ON POP BAILEY!

DIDNT TAKE LONG, DID IT JESS? COME ON!



SECONDS LATER, KIT BREAKS IN ON A MYSTIFYING SCENE...

YOU HEARD ME/NOW TAKE THO TCH-SHOT AN' CHARGE THE CHARGE BEFORE I FLAY YOU!

PUT UP YOUR GUN, STRANGER! THAT'S HOW WE DO BUSINESS IN MOON BOW!



FOR A MOMENT, THE STRANGER HESITATES-- THEN WHISKY SURRENDERS...

IT'S A COUNTERFEIT TEN, KIT--THAT'S WHY I HOLLERED! ACCEPT IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT POP! I'LL TAKE IT WITH ME AS EVIDENCE, AND QUESTION YOUR "CUSTOMER" IN MY OFFICE.





JIMMY WAKELY



BUT AS THE SHERIFF AND HER PRISONER EXIT...

LOOK OUT, KIT! HE'S GOT A KNIFE!



BEFORE KIT CAN HANDLE THE SUDDEN THREAT.

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, SHERIFF! THIS IS A MAN'S JOB!



I'M HARVEY HARKINS, THE NEW OWNER OF THE CIRCLE A DUDE RANCH...

THANKS FOR YOUR TIMELY HELP, MR. HARKINS! YOU'RE A WELCOME ADDITION TO MOON BOW!

HURRAY FOR HARKINS!



AFTERWARDS, WITH THE PRISONER BOOKED AND SAFE BEHIND BARS...

BLASTS ME--THE WAY THAT CROWD MADE A HERO OUT OF HARKINS! WHO ASKED HIM TO BLITZ IN, ANYWAY?

STILL, WE MEANT WELL, JESS, AND I'M GRATEFUL 'TAT COUNTERMEASURE SURE FOCUSED ME-- FIRST DRYING UP, THEN TURNING ON US!



BUT THE TOWN WAS HARDLY QUIETED DOWN, WHEN--

LOOK, JESS! ANOTHER MOB! LET'S GO!

GOSH, KIT! WHAT NOW?



SO YOU'RE THE SHERIFF? A WOMAN? WATER THAT EXPLAINS WHY NO ONE'S LIFE OR PROPERTY IS SAFE AROUND HERE!

CALM DOWN, MISTER, AND TELL ME WHAT YOUR COMPLAINT IS! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET JUSTICE!



I'M A GUEST AT THE CIRCLE A BUMP BACK I WAS ON MY WAY FROM THERE TO TOWN--BUT AT THE CROSSROADS...

WELL, YOU HIGH, DUDE! ALL WE WANT'S YOUR VALUABLES--BUT WE'LL TAKE YOUR LIFE TOO, IF WE HAVE TO!

SURE, SURE HERE'S ALL I GOT ONLY DON'T SHOOT!



AS THE OVERWROUGHT WCTM OF THE OUTLANS CONCLUDES HIS ACCOUNT OF THE HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

THE WEST IS AS WILD AND LAWLESS AS IT EVER WAS! A PEACEFUL CITIZEN CAN'T EVEN COUNT ON PROTECTION AROUND HERE!

VICTIM AROUND HERE PEOPLE GENERALLY TURN TO ME FOR HELP--AND THEY GET IT! C'MON, JESS WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE CROSSROADS POST!



HALF AN HOUR'S HARD RIDING BRINGS THE TWO LAW OFFICERS TO THE SCENE OF THE REPORTED CRIME...

THESE ARE THE TRACKS OF THAT QUACK'S CAR ALL RIGHT--I COPIED THE TIRE TREAD DESIGN!

BUT NO PRINTS--EITHER FROM HORSES OR MEN! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE UP AGAINST SOME SMART FINGERED JEAN!



BUT SURE--AS SQUADS RING OUT...

IT'S HARVEY HARRONS! HE'S CAUGHT BOTH OUTLANS! THAT'S DOWN THE JOB RIGHT--AND FAST!

HE'S TERRING, BUT HE, WIT?

WIT? OH, YES Y.



BACK IN MOON BOW, KIT RELUCTANTLY REPORTS A TEMPORARY SET-BACK TO THE TOWN'S MAYOR...

MAYOR, I'M GOING TO SCOUR THE COUNTRY--AND I'LL BRING IN THOSE TWO MASKED BANDITS NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES!

GET IT OVER WITH FAST, KIT! WE CAN'T HAVE STORIES LIKE THIS SCARING OFF OUR VISITORS!



BRING HER DEADEN, KIT CERTAINLY ACCEPTS CUSTODY OF THE NEW CAPTIVES...

MR HARRONS, THE SHERIFF AND I CONGRATULATE YOU! AND IF YOU'LL ACCEPT, WE'LL MAKE US ALL HAPPY TO SWEAR YOU IN AS AN EXTRA DEPUTY!

A FINE IDEA, MAYOR...

THANK YOU, IT'S A GREAT HONOR!





JIMMY WAKELY



LATER, AS THE SHERIFF ADDS TO HER RAPIDLY GROWING LIST OF JAILHOUSE GUESTS...

YOU SURE WORK FAST, HAWKINS! AS ONE DEPUTY TO ANOTHER, HOW DID YOU NAIL THESE TWO?

OH, LET'S JUST SAY I WAS LUCKY... AND LET IT GO AT THAT!

MODEST TOO, EH, HAWKINS?



AND AFTER HE COMPLETES THE PROCESS OF INSTALLING HER NEW ASSISTANT...

WELL, MR. HAWKINS, YOU'VE SMOGGIN' IN AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR BADGE. NOW LET'S HOPE WE'LL ALL GET A CHANCE TO RELAX!

MY SENTIMENTS TOO, SHERIFF! I'VE GOT A DUDE BACK TO LOOK AFTER! SO LONG!



BUT WITHIN THE HOUR--AS IF PURSUED BY RELENTLESS AL RATS--A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION ROCKS THE REAR OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND...

IT'S A JAILBREAK! THERE GO OUR THREE PRISONERS!

QUICK--GET OUR GUNS! WE CAN STILL CORNER 'EM IF WE'RE FAST ENOUGH!



THEN--AS THE FLEEING PRISONERS STRUGGLE TO CALM HORSES FRIGHTENED BY THE BLAST--THE LAW OFFICERS BRIEFLY CLOSE IN...

GET AWAY FROM THOSE HORSES AND START REACHING! I DON'T LIKE TO SHOOT UNARMED MEN--BUT I CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION FOR YOU THREE!

QUIT BLUFFIN' AN' DO YOUR WORST, SHERIFF! WE AIN'T AFRAID O' YOU!



THE NEXT MOMENT--

MY GUN! IT'S EMPTY!

MEIN TOO!

HAN! THIS IS RICH! THE SHERIFF AN' HER DEPUTY BROUGHT THEIR GUNS--ONLY THEY FORGOT TO BRING BULLETS!





JIMMY WAKELY



A BOMB OF RIDICULE SWEEPS THE TOWN LIKE THE SWIRLING DUST FROM THE ESCAPED JAILBREAKERS!

WHAT A SHERIFF! SHE CAN'T FIND CROOKS--OR HOLD ON TO THEM--OR REMEMBER THAT A GUN NEEDS BULLETS! AS A SHERIFF, KIT CONGRATS A BUSTY BA-BA-LA-BA-LA...

IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME, JESS. I'M BANGING IN MY BADGE... AND GOING BACK TO THE RANCH...



AND WHEN JESS FOLLOWS HIS BOSS'S EXAMPLE--THE MAYOR SENDS FOR DEPUTY BARKINS...

CITIZENS, WITH SHERIFF COLBY AND JESS SAWYER BOTH RESIGNING-- I MOVE WE MAKE ADEVEY BARKINS THE NEW SHERIFF OF MOON BOW!

BURRAY FOR SHERIFF BARKINS! NOW WE'LL HAVE LAW AND ORDER!



AS THE DAYS PASS, MOON BOW FINDS ITS LOPE OF PEACE BEING REALIZED... IN FEARFUL CONTRAST TO THE TERROR THAT SPREADS AMONG NEIGHBORING TOWNS...

JUST SHOW! THAT TON OF DIAMONDS IN HERE! WE'LL LEAVE THE REST FOR THE POOR!

WHERE'RE YOU TAKIN' THESE CATTLE? THEY'RE MINE!

YOU MEAN THEY WERE YOURS!

THERE'S A-CARD UP YOUR SLEEVE! YOU'RE CREATIN'-- WAA--

YOU SEE TOO MUCH-- AND TALK TOO MUCH!



MEANWHILE, AT HER RANCH, KIT TRIES TO FORGET HER BITTER PLASCO BY KEEPING BUSY...

THERE'S PLENTY TO DO... BUT SOMEHOW I KEEP THINKING ABOUT THE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPENED... THINGS I CAN'T EXPLAIN EVEN TO MYSELF. IT'S LIKE A JIG-SAW PUZZLE, WITH SOMETHING MISSING...



A WELCOME VISIT BY JESS SAWYER BRINGS KIT HER FIRST NEWS FROM MOON BOW...

SO AFTER THAT ONE REGIE DID MY BAD, NOTHING'S HAPPENED SINCE BARKINS BECAME SHERIFF?

WE'VE PLENTY OF HAIR-LOOKIN' STRANGERS IN MOON BOW, BUT ONLY THE OTHER TOWNS ARE HAVIN' TROUBLE. MAYBE IT'S SOMETHIN' NEW METHOD OF DEALIN' WITH CRIME!





JIMMY WAKELY



BUT AS KIT LISTENS TO JESS--SUDDENLY HER EYES SHINE WITH A NEW LIGHT...

...FOR INSTANCE, WHEN SOMEONE ELSE GOT STUCK WITH COUNTERFEIT, KAWYING REPLACED THE MOSKUS BILL WITH GOOD ONES. SAID IT WAS HIS RESPONSIBILITY IN RESPECT IT ALL UP

JESS, I THINK YOU'VE GIVEN ME THE MISSING JIG-SAW PIECE!



NO SOONER DOES KIT SHOW UP IN MOON BOW--THAN HER PLAN STARTS TO WORK.

HEY, AIN'T THAT EX-SHERIFF COLEY, THE SHOOTIN' FOOL WHO DON'T NEED BULLETS?

WHA! THESE STRANGERS LOOK LIKE THEY'RE WORTH TRYING! WHERE GORS

WANT TO GET TEN DOLLARS I CAN OUT-SHOOT YOU, MISTER?

TAKE 'ER UP, PETE!



THEN--ACCORDING TO PLAN--KIT PURPOSELY LOSES THE SECOND SHOOTING--MATEA...

THREE TO ONE! GUESS I LOSE! HERE'S YOUR FRIENDS TEN BACK!

--ONLY INSTEAD I'M SUBSTITUTING THE COUNTERFEIT TEN!



MOMENTS LATER, THE EX-SHERIFF OF MOON BOW GOES TO TOWN...

BUT WHAT'RE YOU GOIN' TO DO IN MOON BOW? AN' WHY CAN'T I HELP?

YOU CAN HELP--BUT LATER! RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT WHAT I NEED--THE #20 COUNTERFEIT BILL FOR BAILEY GAVE ME!



THE TARGETS ARE QUICKLY PLACED--AND TWO GUNS BOM IN RAPID-FIRE UNISON! THEN...

GOT TWO OF 'EM!

AND I GOT SIX! BRY ME, PETE! HOW MAYBE YOUR FRIEND WANTS TO GET?

SURE! YOU'RE ON!



DON'T BLAME ME! IT'S THE SAME TEN I JUST GOT FROM YOUR FRIEND!

SHE'S LWA!

NO SHE AIN'T! LAND OVER A REAL TEN, YOU DOUBLE--GROSSER! I CAN GET ALL THE QUERE DOUGH I WANT THE SAME PLACE YOU GOT IT!





DRIVEN BY THE SHOOTING, WATCH GUN-FIRE, SHERIFF HARRINGS COMES ON THE RUN...

PUT UP THAT BOY, YOU HOT-HEADED FOOL!

MAKE HIM SRY 'UP HARRINGS' HE'S ONE OF THE GANG AN' YOU'VE COVERED FOR HIM BEFORE! DO IT AGAIN!

NOW, JESS!



THE NEXT INSTANT—BAPD—FIRE SACKS BY KIT AND JESS DEARTH THE GUNMAN...

NICE WORK, JESS! NOW LITTLE WAKELY ALL OF 'EM TO THE MAJOR, AND START PUMPIN' INFORMATION OUT OF 'EM!



LATER, IN THE MAJOR'S OFFICE...

MAJOR THERE NEVER WAS A HOLD-UP AT THE CROSS-ROADS! THE OUTLAW GANG BROUGHT IN HERE MEMBERS OF HIS GANG! IT WAS ALL PART OF HIS PLAN TO DECEIT ME, AND BUILD HIMSELF UP TO BECOME SHERIFF!



BUT HE FELL FOR IT—AND WHILE HE WAS IN MY OFFICE BEING SHOWN HIS DUTY, HE EMPTIED JESS' GUN AND MINE. THEN HE CAME BACK AND BLEW UP THE SKEL FROM OUTSIDE—SHOWING WE COULDN'T STOP THE PRISONERS' ESCAPE!



AT THE TRIAL, ONE OF THE GANG TALKS TO SAVE HIS OWN NECK...

HARRINGS HINTED TO BE SHERIFF BECAUSE NO ONE WOULD SUSPECT HIS DUDE RANCE OF BEING A HOT-OUT FOR HIS GANG—AND WE MADE SURE TO DO OUR TONS OUTSIDE MOON BOW.

BUT HIGH HARRINGS USED A COUNTERFEITER FOR HIS FIRST "WEE" ACT--HE GAVE ME TEN DOLLARS' WORTH OF DYNAMITE--TO BLOW UP HIM AND HIS FRIENDS!



AND WITH EVIDENCE COMPLETE...

KIT, NOT ONLY MOON BOW BUT EVERY TOWN IN THE STATE GOING IN AMBLIN' THESE GULD SHERIFF SACKS TO YOU AND YOUR DEPUTY, AS TOKENS OF OUR ESTEEM!

THANK YOU, MAJOR--AND HERE'S A SQUENIR FOR YOU--THE TEN DOLLAR BILL THAT REVERE BOUGHT ANY-THING BUT TROUBLE!



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ACTION...



GET THE 20th CENTURY'S GREATEST BIKE!

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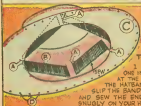
JIMMY WAKELY



THIS OLD, DISCARDED FELT HAT BECOMES A REAL COWBOY'S HEADPIECE WITH A LITTLE WORK AND SOME SIMPLE MATERIALS WHICH CAN BE FOUND AROUND THE HOUSE!



How TO MAKE IT:



1. TAKE OFF THE OLD HATBAND. CUT EIGHT SLOTS (A) ONE INCH APART AND AS WIDE AS THE HATBAND (B) AT THE BASE OF THE CROWN AS SHOWN AT (A). CUT THE HATBAND TO FIT LOOSELY AROUND YOUR HEAD. NOW SLIP THE BAND (B) THROUGH THE SLOTS (A) AS SHOWN AT (C) AND SEW THE ENDS TOGETHER. THE HAT SHOULD NOW FIT SNUGLY ON YOUR HEAD.

2. USING A PAPER PUNCH, OR A NAIL, PUNCH HOLES (D) ALL AROUND THE EDGE OF THE BRIM. SPACE THEM EVENLY, ABOUT ONE INCH APART. LACE A BRIGHT CORD (E) MADE OF STRING CUTTED IN UNITS AND DRIED THROUGH THE HOLES (D) AS SHOWN AT (F).



3. RESHAPE THE CROWN, GIVING IT A FLAT TOP. WESTERN STYLE. TURN UP THE SIDES OF THE BRIM.

4. MAKE THE CHIN STRAP BY DRINKING A LENGTH OF STRING THROUGH THE SIDE SLOTS (A). SLIP THE ENDS THROUGH A LARGE WOODEN BEAD (G) AND KNOT THE ENDS AS SHOWN AT (H).



COPY THIS DESIGN ON STIFF PAPER AND USE IT FOR A COLORFUL HATBAND



THE PLAYS STRANGE PRANKS ON
MAN TO TOM CONSTOCK, EITE GAVE
HIM AND SOME FORTUNE, THE KID
FROM HIM A BIG GREATER ONE IN...

"The FORTUNE NOBODY WANTED!"

MOST OF THE MINERS CAME DOWN OFF
THE SLOPES OF THE WASHOE MOUNT-
AINS IN NEVADA DURING THAT GOLD
WINTER OF 1859, BUT SOME STAYED,
AMONG THEM TOM CONSTOCK, ONE
WINTER AFTERNOON...

TRANSCATIONS! / HISSNHY,
PETE / C'WERE I'VE
WT IT!

GOLD! RICH, PURE-
GOLD!

WOLD ON, BUT THIS E MY
ZANGELAND / YOU GOT
DISCOVERY RIGHTS, BUT I
GET AN EQUAL SHARE!
SIDES, IT'S MY WINTER
YOU'RE USN'!

WYK, SURE, TOM
BEGON AS HOW
THERE'S PUNTY
HERE FOR ALL
OF US!

AND SO THE SHOWERS DUE AND THE POLD PLAIN,
AND THE ROCKERS THAT SIFTED THE GOLD FROM
THE DIRT SAKING BACK AND FORTH, CLAIMS MORE
FLED IN NEARBY NEVADA CITY, ONLY A STRANGE
BLISS CLAY PREVENTED THE FIND FROM
TURNING INTO A SAEULOUS SONNADA.

DOSSONE! IF IT WRENT
FOR THE BLUE STUFF,
WED MINE PUNTY
MORE GOLD!

IT'S ALL OVER THE
PLACE EVEN STOPS
YIN FROM DOSSIN'
IN SPOTS, IT'S SO
THICK!



THEY HUNTED THE STRIKES GOLD HILL AND THE COMBINE. IN LATER YEARS PEOPLE KNEW IT AS THE COMSTOCK LODGE, FOR FORTUNES WERE TAKEN FROM THE SOIL MONTH AFTER MONTH...

I'VE MADE MY KILL, GENTS. SHOES, I'VE STRUCK A WHOLE BED O' THAT CLAY. I'M PULLIN' OUT.

I GOT A ROCK SHARP UNDER MY CLAIM. GUESS I'LL JOIN YUN...

GRADUALLY THE FABULOUS STRIKES SHOWED LESS AND LESS RAY DIRT. ONE DAY, A RANCHER FROM THE TRUCKEE RIVER COUNTRY STOPPED BY...

MY NAME'S HARRISON. WIND IF I TAKE ALONG SOME OF THIS BLUE CLAY, COMSTOCK I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.

TAKE ALL YOU WANT. THE WORTHLESS STUFF IS ONLY IN OUR HAY!

IN NEWADA CITY, CALIFORNIA, HARRISON HAD THE CLAY ASSAYED, WITH HIS FRIEND, JUDGE JAMES WALSH.

GENTLEMEN, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU FOUND THIS BUT IT'S WORTH A KING'S RANSOM. SHE ASSAYS FOR CLOSE TO \$2000 IN GOLD AND OVER \$3000 IN SILVER, TO THE TON...

QUICKLY HARRISON AND WALSH BOUGHT OUT CLAIMS IN THOSE RICH ROLLS OF THE HADDOCK MOUNTAINS SINCE THE RAY DIRT WAS PEERING OUT, AND ONLY THAT "WORTHLESS" BLUE STUFF REMAINED. THE MINERS SMOTHERED THEIR LAUGHTER AS THEY TOOK CASH...

THE CRAZY BOOZ, RAO HE GIVEN THOUSAND PER MY SHARE! HE MUST'VE BEEN EATIN' LOUD WEEB!

STEP ALONG, LIMPIN, GENTS!

BUT THE CALIFORNIA BUYERS GOT THE BEST OF THE DEAL. FORTY MILES OF MOUNTAINS STOOD ON A GI-GANTIC LODGE OF ALMOST SOLID SILVER. THIS WAS THE TRUE COMSTOCK LODGE—THAT OPENED THE STATE OF NEVADA TO STATEHOOD IN 1864. MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY MILLION DOLLARS CAME OUT OF THE LODGE IN 30 YEARS!



TOM COMSTOCK HE NEVER FORGOT HIS STUMP BUNKER. LESS THEN TEN YEARS LATER, IN MONTANA, HE SOT HIMSELF...

THE END



The Vanishing Wooden Indian

ONE of the most memorable chapters in *Americana* is the saga of the wooden Indians—those unique replicas of Redskin statinals which stood on duty in their traditional places in front of tobacco shops, holding an open box of solid pine cigars, while staring at the far-off horizon.

In their heyday, almost 100 years ago, wooden Indians by the thousands had been "planted" in every corner of the land, from New York to San Francisco. Today, to all intents and purposes, they have become a vanished "race," and can only be seen in museums, antique shops, and in storerooms of some old-fashioned tobacco shops.

Oddly enough, though the wooden Indian achieved its fame here in America, the land of its "birth" was England, more than three centuries ago. During the reign of King James I, the Indian figurine had already made its debut in that country, although it bore only a slight resemblance to the type that later became popular in the United States. A woodcut of this British prototype makes it obvious that the unknown sculptor had never seen a real Indian, for the features were so African that the public referred to them as "black boys." As was later to be the case in our country, this forerunner of the American cigar store salesman was placed in front of apothecary shops, where tobacco was sold at that time.

It is not certain when the wooden Indian made its first stand on American soil, but one of the earliest references to such a figure, in 1730, is the cupid-like *Pocahontas* that is supposed to have stood on Boston's

Hancock Street. The first positive account we have record of is the displaying of a cigar-store Indian type in 1770, at Christopher Denuth's tobacco shop in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Although it was catalogued as a tobacco shop, Denuth's store specialized in the sale of snuff, and accordingly the "Indian" figure assumed the appearance of a frail, minuet-type gentleman who gallantly extended a snuff box to passersby. In the years that followed, the wooden snuff-salesman became a welcome sight to American soldiers fighting the War of Independence, and to western pioneers crossing the Allegheny highway to the Far West.

The next half century offered little in the progress of the wooden Indian. 1840 marked the appearance of a short, swarthy, dignified-looking Indian at McAlpin's tobacco store in Catherine Street, in downtown New York City. After a four-decade stay, the McAlpin salesman moved uptown to Avenue D and 10th Street—and finally to the lobby of the Hotel McAlpin, in the choice position next to the cigar counter.

In the 1850's, most of the tobacco business in New York was concentrated in the hands of three men—Peter Laellard, D. D. McAlpin, and Edward Hen—each of whom made important contributions in the evolution of the wooden Indian. Edward Hen was a super-salesman who had on display in his storeroom hundreds of wooden Indians of all sizes and types.

Most of the carvers who supplied the na-

tion with wooden Indians evidently preferred to remain anonymous, for little is known of them. Such famous sculpturing names as William Rush and Samuel McIntire are often mentioned as carving many of the samples of the time from "enduring white pine." The statues were either originals designed by the sculptor or taken from book illustrations and prints. A sculptor never repeated himself, and of the thousands of wooden Indians on display at the same time, each one differed from another in some respect. It was also customary for the sculptor to do his own painting—although re-painting jobs on weather-beaten figures were handled by "itinerant painters" who traveled cross-country plying their trade.

There were four main classifications of wooden Indians: first there were those that proudly bore the name of Indian Chief; second, a place was reserved for those who preferred the female Indian type—squares or Pocahontases; third, miscellaneous varieties, such as blackmoors and Pompeys; and fourth, strangely enough, the "white man" brand—which included Sir Walter Raleigh, Uncle Sam, policemen, Forty-siners . . . and even cigarette-smoking girls.

The price tag placed on wooden Indians ranged from a few dollars to several hundred dollars, depending on the craftsmanship and locality where bought. In New York City, small-sized figures could be picked up for twenty to thirty dollars; Baltimore offered some for \$75, with Pompey types commanding from 25 to 200 dollars. The highest priced ones were sold in Detroit, one going for as much as \$700.

The peak of wooden Indian sales was reached between 1850 and 1880. Following a disastrous series of fires in Chicago, San Francisco and Baltimore, when most of the figures were destroyed, a decline set in, and laws were passed forbidding the remaining samples to be placed where they would obstruct sidewalk traffic. This, coupled with the introduction of chain stores, dealt a mortal blow to the outdoor wooden salesmen.

Today, if the curiosity seeker wishes to see examples of the "vanishing" wooden Indian still on duty, there is a giant metal one guarding the Black Hawk trail at Rockford, Illinois. The Tobacco Leaf office in New York City has one on display, while the Bucks County Historical Museum, in Pennsylvania, offers the interested visitor 20 good relics of this hygone era.

There's a fascinating story behind the wooden Indian preserved in Cleveland's Western Reserve Historical Society. For a long while it was believed to have been lost or destroyed. Then, one day while workmen were excavating for the Union Trust Company building, they unearthed a dismembered hand. It started a riot among the terrified workers and they refused to put another spade into the ground. Finally, some brave volunteers completed the job, in the process of which was uncovered the rest of the body, and subsequently identified as the long-missing Erie Street wooden Indian.

Chicago today boasts of a Wooden Indian that is an excellent sample of this lost art. Taped Big Chief No-Smoke-Em, it was modelled from a famous Iroquois Chief, and when descendants of this noble Red-skin visit the Windy City they always make it a "must" to pay him a visit.

Chief Senioah bears the distinction of standing guard at America's most western outpost, a tobacco shop in San Francisco. Also believed to be the oldest wooden Indian in existence, it was originally carved out in Manhattan and taken west during the gold rush days of '49.

The Wooden Indian story wouldn't be complete without mention of the prize statue that held a post in front of Morris Hirsh's cigar store in Brooklyn some 80 years ago. In this case, it was really the figure of a white man, cigar in mouth, with hands pressed to the sides of his head. People from all over the country would come to see this unusual cigar store salesman and laugh at the inscription it bore: "Oh! How hard this cigar draws!"



JIMMY WAKELY



Jimmy Wakely

JIMMY! WE NEED YOUR
HELP IN WEST VALLEY!

BUT HOW CAN I BE IN
BOTH TOWNS AT ONCE?

EAST VALLEY IS
BEING ROBBED!
WE NEED YOU!



WHEN THE FRONTIER TOWNS OF EAST VALLEY AND WEST VALLEY DECIDE TO INVITE JIMMY WAKELY, HOLLYWOOD'S COMEDY CAVALIER, TO THEIR CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS, JIMMY DOESN'T KNOW WHICH TO CHOOSE...UNTIL A RUTHLESS GANG, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE TOWN'S DEADLY RIVALRY, CHOOSE FOR HIM! AND THEN, JIMMY, IN ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC ADVENTURES OF HIS EXCITING CAREER, HAS TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY BEHIND...

"The Town That Cried WOLF!"



JIMMY WAKELY



LATER, IN HOLLYWOOD...



THEY'VE ALL SET FOR THE NEXT MORNING, JIMMY!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, WALT, AS SOON AS I FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO ABOUT THESE FIVE INVITATIONS! I CAN'T ACCEPT BOTH OF THEM... OR CAN I?



I DON'T WANT TO SPURN EITHER OF THESE TOWNS. WHAM... THEY'RE RIGHT NEXT TO EACH OTHER! SUPPOSE I CAN GET THEM TO MERGE THEIR CELEBRATIONS!

A FEW DAYS LATER...



EVERYTHING'S READY, SUB! THE WHOLE TOWN LOOKS JUST AS IT DID A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! BETTER HURRY... JIMMY WAKELY'S TRAIN ARRIVES IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!

I KNEW HE WOULDN'T FLEE US!

AS EAST VALLEY'S LOVELY MAJOR LEADS A PARADE TO THE RAILROAD STATION...



CALEB JONES, GET THAT CAR OUT OF SIGHT! AUTOMOBILES WEREN'T INVENTED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

YES, MA'AM! I'LL HIDE IT IN MY BARN!

MEANWHILE FROM WEST VALLEY, A SIMILAR SQUAD HEADS TOWARD THE STATION...



WHY'LL THOSE EAST VALLEY LOAFERS AT THE RAILROAD STATION SEE US AND BRING THE NEWS TO SUB! SHE'LL EXPLODE!



WEST VALLEY



JIMMY WAKELY



SUDDENLY A TRAIN WHISTLE CUTS THROUGH THE TENSE SILENCE...



AS THE CONVOY CAVALIER STEPS FROM THE TRAIN



JIMMY WAKELY

MEANWHILE... IN SUE'S OFFICE

I KNEW IT! IF JIMMY BUT WHAT
THOUGHT THAT OUR KIND OF
TOWN WAS IN TROUBLE... TROUBLE?
AND NEEDED HELP...
HE'D STAY HERE!
IN EAST VALLEY!

BANDITS, OF COURSE! HE COULD
STAGE A FALSE HOLD-UP, AND
THAT WOULD BRING JIMMY ON
THE RUN! THEN WE COULD
GO ON WITH OUR CELEBRATION,
BUT KEEP HIM HERE TO
INVESTIGATE THE ROBBERY!

AN HOUR LATER, IN WEST VALLEY

SINCE YOU GAVE HORNBY FOR ME
TO GO STRAIGHT, I BEEN AUGHTY
LITTLE OF YOU, JES! NEED
SOME MONEY, HUH?

I GOT
NEWS YOU'LL
BE INTER-
ESTED IN,
BARTO!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

THANKS FOR THE
INFO, JES! MIGHT
PUT IT TO A
LITTLE USE!
HERE!

AN SAKTON
WHAT I TOLD
YOU IS WORTH
MORE!



THAT NIGHT... IN EAST VALLEY...

BE SURE YOU HIDE
THE MONEY IN A
SAFE PLACE, JIM.
WHERE JIMMY
WOULDN'T FIND IT!

DON'T WORRY!
THERE'S A
HIDEOUT IN THE
ATTIC OF OUR
BARN WHERE
IT'LL NEVER
BE FOUND!





SHORTLY AFTER, ARY RUSHES BREATHLESSLY INTO THE ARENA WHERE ...



JIMMY! A GANG IS ROBBING THE TAX RECEIPTS FROM THE MAYOR'S OFFICE!

LET'S GO!

YOU WILL STAY HERE IN EAST VALLEY, AND HELP US TO TRACK DOWN THE ROBBERS, WON'T YOU, JIMMY?

TOO BAD THEY FLED BEFORE I GOT HERE, BUT I'LL HELP ALL I CAN, MA'AM!



SUDDENLY...



JIMMY, COME QUICK! A GANG OF CROOKS IS SHOOTIN' UP WEST VALLEY! THE MAYOR'S BEEN WOUNDED! WE NEED YOU BAD!

LOOKS LIKE A REAL CRIME-WAVE'S ON OUR HANDS!

BUT BY THE TIME THE FAST-MOVING COWBOY ARRIVED IN WEST VALLEY...



HOW ARE YOU, GREGG?

ALL RIGHT, BUT THE GANG GOT AWAY!

BUT THEY DIDN'T TAKE A THING! NOT A CENT! THEY JUST SHOT THINGS UP!

THERE'S SOMETHING AUNT! STRANGE ABOUT ALL THIS! WHY WOULD A GANG SHOOT UP A BANK AND NOT BOTHER TO ROB IT?



THOSE SHOTS ARE COMIN' FROM EAST VALLEY! THE GANG JUST'VE RIDDEN STRAIGHT OVER THERE!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT-- BUT I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL AS IF I'M ON A FERRY-GO-ROUND!



A GANG JUST RODE INTO TOWN SHOOTING AT EVERYTHING--AND RODE RIGHT OUT AGAIN! SHERIFF BARNES HAS GONE AFTER THEM!

LET'S RIDE, SONNY!



JIMMY WAKELY

AS THE HARD-RIDING WESTERN STAR ROUNDS A BEND IN THE TRAIL OUTSIDE THE TOWN...

DEEP PITCH SHAKES HAD A TRAP ROBBED US WHEN THEY RODE BY IT, THEY PULLED A ROPE WHICH RELEASED THE BRANCH ONTO ME!

I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE IN A SECOND, SHERIFF!



LATER, AFTER JIMMY HAD BROUGHT THE SHERIFF BACK TO EAST VALLEY, SUE AND ANN HAD A SECRET CONFERENCE...

SUE! REAL BANDITS SEEM TO HAVE BECOME MIXED UP IN OUR PLAN SOMEHOW!

I KNOW, ANN! I'M WORRIED. WE OUGHT TO PUT THAT MONEY BACK BEFORE ANYTHING MORE HAPPENS!



AT LAST REALIZING THE FOOLISHNESS OF HER PLAN, SUE BOWS THE MONEY BACK TO THE SAFE, AND STARTS TO CONFESS TO JIMMY...

IT WAS VERY STUPID OF ME, JIMMY, TO STAGE A FAKE HOLDUP, BUT I ONLY DID IT TO KEEP YOU IN EAST VALLEY FOR THE CENTENAL!

THEN THOSE BANDITS WERE PART OF THE PLAN, ALSO!

OH, NO, JIMMY!

JIMMY! THAT SAME GANG IS SHOOTIN' UP WEST VALLEY AGAIN! THE BANK'S BEEN SPLIT WIDE OPEN!



THAT DOES IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! YOU PEOPLE HAVE CRIED NOISE ONCE TOO OFTEN! STEALING MONEY AND HIDING FAKE BANDITS! THE RIVALRY BETWEEN YOUR TOWNS HAS MADE YOU LOSE! I'M GOIN' BACK TO HOLLYWOOD!

JIMMY, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THERE ARE REAL BANDITS! THAT'S THE TRUTH! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!



HEARING THE SOUND OF DISPERATION IN SUE'S VOICE, JIMMY MAKES ONE FINAL ATTEMPT TO ARRIVE AT THE TRUTH...

SOMEBODY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT SUE'S PLAN TO STAGE A FAKE HOLDUP--AND TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT TO PULL A REAL ONE--AFTER CONFUSING EVERYONE FIRST, BY RACING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE TOWNS!

WEST VALLEY BANK



I THINK I HAVE A PLAN...





SOON BOTH TOWNS BEGIN BUZZING WITH RUMORS...

DID YUH HEAR? JIMMY'S GOIN' TO GUARD THE EAST VALLEY SANK PEEBOW-JALLY!

ARM, HE'S GONNA STAY IN WEST VALLEY, BECAUSE THE BANDITS WILL THINK HE'S IN EAST VALLEY!

WHY GUARD A TOWN THAT'S ALREADY BEEN ROBBED?

THAT'S JUST IT... IT'S A TRAP!



THAT NIGHT...

BUT WHICH TOWN D'YA THINK WAKELY WILL BE IN, BARTO? HE DON'T WANT TO RUN INTO AN AR-BUSH!

WAKELY'S TRYIN' TO CONFUSE US BY LEAVIN' OUR OWN TRICK AGAINST US! BUT WE'LL OUTSMART 'IM! HE'LL HAVE MEN AT BOTH TOWNS--SO HE WON'T GO NEAR EITHER OF THEM! I CAN THINK QUICKER THAN THAT MOVE HAWKICK ANY DAY!



SUDDENLY...

WAKELY! HE AIN'T AT EITHER TOWN!

RIGHT!

HOW'D YUH FIND OUR HIDEOUT?



THAT'S JERD'S WAY OF TRYING YOU BACK FOR THAT KICK YOU GAVE HIM--EVEN IF HE HAD TO PAY FOR GIVING YOU INFORMATION!

H--MY GUN!



AS THE OTHER TWO THUGS REACH FOR THEIR GUNS, THE DARING COWBOY-ACTOR HURTLIES THROUGH THE AIR AND...

GET HIM!

I'M TRYING TO--!



LATER, WITH BARTO AND HIS MEN BEHIND BARS, JIMMY PRESIDES AT A JOYOUS CONCLUSION TO THE CENTENNIAL...

LOOKS TO BE LIKE MORE THAN TWO TOWNS ARE GOING TO BE JOINED TOGETHER FOR GOOD!


HURRY FOR JIMMY WAKELY!



THE END

THRILLS AND CHILLS

IN THIS BIG
52-PAGE
2nd ISSUE
OF THE
NEWEST,
MOST EXCITING,
COMICS MAGAZINE
YOU EVER READ!


YOU'LL
THRILL TO THE
CHALLENGE
OF THE UNKNOWN
in

**STRANGE
ADVENTURES**

IT'S ANOTHER GREAT
COMICS MAGAZINE
WITH THIS FAMOUS
SYMBOL ON THE COVER...



... WHICH IS YOUR
GUARANTEE OF
THE *BEST* IN ANY
COMICS MAGAZINE!



**DON'T
MISS IT!**



Buzzy in "NATURE LOVES A NATURE-LOVER"



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For Dancing, Prancing and Romancing!

THOM
McAN'S

Hoe-Down



I REALLY GO FOR THE
OUTDOOR LOOK OF THIS
SADDLE-LEATHER BROWN
AND CORDO COLOR
LEATHER. (STYLE #3401)

AND THE ROOMY TOE
FITS COMFORTABLY TO
THE FOOT...FOR WALKING
AND DANCING PLEASURE.



NOW I LOOK THE
HIGH TAPERED HEEL
AND BOOTSTRAP REAL
COWBOY STYLE!



YANCOO! THE
LARGEST DESIGNS ON
TOE AND INSTEP ARE
AS WESTERN AS
THE PAMHANDLE



GRAB STEEL WITH THIS TANGLED
STYLISH TREAD ON THE TANGLED
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